

THE FRENCH INVASION.



"NOW fill a bumper to the brim,
" And drink to *Gotham's mayor*;
" And when again he hears such news,
" May *F——b——g* be there."

Thus lately in a loyal song,
Sung some right loyal bard;
And righteous too, no doubt was he,
For lo! his prayer was heard.

News, direful news from *BAMBRO'* came,
The *French* were landed there;
A letter written with all speed
Was sent to *Gotham's mayor*.

"The crews of three French ships of war,
Have landed on our coast,
Send for *Lord F——b——g*," quoth he,
"Or we shall all be lost."

Our bullocks they have ta'en away,
Our cows and sheep besides;
O woe betide them," says our *mayor*,
"They'll raise the price of *HIDES*."

"Fear not, fear not," says *F——b——g*,
Who now before him stood,
"To guard you I will spend my last,
Last drop of noble blood!"

On this our *mayor* began to hold
Erect his drooping head;
"I will not," quoth *Lord F——b——g*,
"This night lie down my head."

To guard-house I will hie with speed,
And watch 'till morn appear;
Each *Gothamite* may soundly sleep,
No cause have they to fear."

"Meantime" says *Gotham's mayor*, "I will
In haste, a letter write
To *George* our king, some ships to send,
To intercept their flight."

To *George* our king the tidings came,
At London where he lay;
"What! cattle, cattle, sheep indeed:—
To *Windfor* haste away;

Lock up my pretty little sheep,
My pigs and geese likewise;
No bloody frenchman shall destroy
What I so dearly prize.

Then run tell *B——y P——t* to come,
And bring his brother here;
But first call *Tom* the butler up,
To get me some small beer.

How happens *Cb——m*, that no ships
You have sent to the North?
Not one, I'm told, is to be seen
From *Thames* unto the *Forth*."

"So please you," bowing low, says *John*
"I would have sent a few,
But that I thought you'd want them here
Against the next *REVIEW*."

"That's right, that's right," reply'd our king,
"One ship I cannot spare;
And if the *French* do get their sheep,
Why—let them take more care."

Example let them take by me,
And they'll receive no harm;
Shut them all up as I have done
Upon my *Windfor* farm."

So spake our gracious sovereign lord,
And so I end my song;
May heaven from *rots* preserve his sheep,
And may his life be long!